

LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

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SELECTIONS.

THE CHARACTER OF CAMOENS.

THE character of CAMOENS may be inferred from his writings. An open undisguised contempt of every thing base and sordid, whatever were the rank or power of its possessor, formed one of its principal features. We have already seen how much the worldly interest of our poet was injured by this honorable audacity of soul. Those who condemn it must be ignorant that the exercise of this feeling produces a more enviable delight than any which fortune can ever bestow. The poor man is not always poor!

But gallantry was the leading trait in the disposition of CAMOENS. His amours were various and successful. Woman was to him as a ministering angel, and for the little joy which he tasted in life, he was indebted to her. The magic of female charms forms his favorite theme, and while he paints the allurements of the sex with the glowing pencil of an enthusiast, he seems transported into that heaven which he describes. Nor did this passion ever desert him; even in his last days, he feelingly regretted the raptures of youth, and lingered with delight on the remembrances of love. A cavalier named Ruy de Camera, having called upon our author to finish a poetical version of the seven penitential psalms, raising his head from his miserable pallet, and pointing to his faithful slave, he exclaimed, "Alas, when I was a poet, I was young, and happy, and *blest with the love of ladies*, but now, I am a forlorn deserted wretch:—See—there stands my poor Antonio, vainly supplicating *four-pence* to purchase a little coals—I have them not to give him!" The cavalier, as Sousa quaintly relates, closed his heart and his purse, and quitted the room. Such were the grandees of Portugal!

The genius of Camoens was almost universal. Like the great father of English poetry, there is scarcely any species of writing, from the epigram to the epic, which he has not attempted, and, like him, he has succeeded in all. It is not the province of the translator to offer any remarks on the *Lusiad*. That task has already been ably performed. Of his minor productions, the general characteristic is ease; not the studied carelessness of modern refinement, but the graceful and charming simplicity of a Grecian muse.—When he wrote, the Italian model was in fashion, and as Camoens was intimately acquainted with that language, he too frequently sacrificed his better judgment to the vitiated opinion of the public. Hence the extravagant hyperboles and laborious allusions, which he has sometimes, tho' rarely, employed. But

his own taste was formed on purer principles. He had studied and admired the poems of Provence. He had wandered through those vast catacombs of buried genius, and treasure rewarded his search. Even the humble knowledge of Provencal literature, which the present writer possesses, has enabled him to discover many passages which the Portuguese poet has rendered his own. But we must be careful not to defraud Camoens of the merit of originality. To that character he has, perhaps, a juster claim than any of the moderns, Dante alone excepted. The same remark which Landino applies to that poet, may be referred to him. He was the first who wrote with elegance in his native tongue. The language of Rome, and even of Greece, had been refined by antecedent authors, before the appearance of Virgil or of Homer, but Camoens was at once the polisher, and in some degree the creator of his own. How deplorable must have been its state, when it naturalized two thousand new words, on the bare authority of a single man! Monsieur Menage was wont to pique himself on having introduced into French the term "*venuste*;" yet all his influence could never make it current, nor indeed did it long survive its illustrious fabricator.

Our author, like many others, has suffered much from the cruel kindness of editors and commentators. After the first publication of his "*Rimas*," there appeared a number of spurious compositions, which, for some time, were attributed to him. Amongst these was a poem to which notice is due, not on account of its own merit, but from regard to the reputation of Camoens. It is called "*The Creation and Composition of Man*," and is a strange medley of anatomy, metaphysics, and school divinity. In subject, and occasionally in execution, it strikingly resembles the *Purple Island* of Phineas Fletcher; and, like it, is a curious example of tortured ingenuity. One instance shall suffice. Man is typified under the symbol of a tower. The mouth is the gateway, and the teeth are described as two and thirty millers, clothed in white, and placed as guards on either side of the porch. His metaphor is more satyrically just, when he represents the tongue as a female, old and experienced, whose office was to regulate and assist the efforts of the thirty-two grinders aforesaid, all young men of indispensable utility and extraordinary powers!

"*Duros e rijos, trinta e dous moleiros*
"*De grande forza, e util exercico!*

He must possess no little credulity, who would attribute such a work, to the author of the *Lusiad*.

There is also another poem which bears

his name, but is certainly the production of a different hand. The martyrdom of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins forms its subject. But it is not probable that the persevering chastity of these unhappy ladies could ever have found favor in the sight of our amorous bard. It is still less likely that he would have celebrated it in song.

Camoens is the reputed author of three comedies, published at different periods after his death. The subject of one of them is the amour of Antiochus with his step-mother Stratonice. There are some fine passages to be found in this production; but in general the writer seems to have anticipated the taste of modern times, and to have considered comedy and farce as the same. Another is founded on the prolonged adventure of Jupiter and Alcmena. The third, and indubitably the best, relates the romantic loves of a Prince of Denmark and a Spanish Lady who after a due course of tribulation, prove to be first cousins, and are happily united. But notwithstanding the improbability of the design, the execution is good; and, on the whole, this composition bears internal evidence of the hand of Camoens.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

There is much mystery about this dark and solemn Italian bard. It was in his banishment, that he became the most gloomy of recluses, abstracted from objects of this world and brooding over the memory of his beloved, but dead Beatrice. It was then, amidst the gloomy haunts of exile, and in the deep silence of never-ending solitude, that his dark spirit held strange vision and communion with the horrible shadows of the other world. It was then, that it moved with dread pomp through the regions of hell, along ranges of forms, monstrous with every deformity, which heavenly indignation could impose, and writhing with every torture which wrath could inflict. Amid the low groans of anguish and despair, and the sinking sobs of sorrow, that is never to end and of repentance, unaccepted, did he perform his internal march. His *Inferno* is the mighty perspective of his tremendous pass.

In his *Purgatorio*, his mind has shed a pale light through the infinite extent of darkness which had surrounded it. In his *Paradiso* he has struck into vision realms, brighter and more charming, than even hope could desire. The air of his heaven is the purest expanse, through which his perfect spirits are forever moving, with all the felicity and delight of angelic life.

Dante was born at Florence, A. D. 1265, and sprung from one of its first families. He was early enamoured of Beatrice, the

influence of whose charms was the inspiration of his muse. His love, like that of his successor Petrarch, was most strange, mysterious, and spiritual. She died at twenty-six, and the soul of Dante sunk into the most profound gloom. During the convulsions of grief, he commenced the mighty work of the *Divina Commedia*; encouraged by the prayers of his mistress, now in heaven, who had prevailed on the spirit of Virgil to be his guide through the regions he was to pass. The spirit of the great Latin poet was to Dante, what *Aeneas* was to himself. Having been suspected of joining in a conspiracy, at Florence, he was banished, and for many years the melancholy bard wandered about Italy, hunger-bitten, and forsaken. He finally procured protection at Ravenna, where he at length closed his miserable life. Dante was said to have possessed powerful eloquence, and was sent on fourteen different embassies. His works consist of the *Divina Commedia*, a Latin translation on Eloquence, and many canzonets and sonnets. He has been thus peculiarly sketched by a great Italian writer: "His demeanor was solemn, and his walk slow; his dress suitable to his rank and age; his visage long, his nose aquiline, his eyes full, his cheek bones large, and upper lip a little projecting over the under one; his complexion was olive, his hair and beard thick and curled; this gave him that angularity of aspect, which made his enemies observe, that he looked like one who had visited the infernal regions."

Though surrounded by the gloom of the dark ages, the genius of Dante moved thro' the thickened hemisphere, like the sun in a storm, struggling through darkness, and at times breaking forth with excessive light. Though persecuted, and then forsaken, he was inspired by his muse to achievements, which made his name imperial in fame. His imagination was so filled with sublimity, pathos, and beauty, that it is difficult to detach from the whole, particular examples.

[*Anthology.*]

Brief account of the national character and manners of the Spaniards and Portuguese.

[From Aikin's *Geographical Delineations.*]

The human race in Spain is derived from various origins, Celtic, Gothic, Roman, African, &c. and is more mingled than in most European countries. Hence the national character appears in very different colours in its different provinces. Those on the northern side, which are hilly and of a moderate temperature, are inhabited by an industrious, martial, enterprising people, jealous of their rights and privileges. The central and southern districts feel the influence of a hot climate, and probably of a different origin, and are distinguished by stately gravity, and pride, in the superior and middle ranks, and by remarkable indolence in all. The Spanish gravity, however, does not partake of phlegm, or insensibility: on the contrary, the Spaniards have warm passions, and a lofty sense of

personal dignity; and though content to be poor, rather than engage in active exertions, they spurn at contumely. In general they are sober, faithful, and honest, superstitious and prejudiced in a high degree, revengeful and severe, but principled and well intentioned.

The inhabitants of Portugal sensibly exhibit the effects of a warm climate in their dark hue, and in those points of national character, which are usually found to accompany the solar influence. These are, warm passions, a strong propensity to revenge, superstition, indolence, joined with abstemiousness, and the habit of submitting contentedly to a very scanty share of the comforts and conveniences of life. There was a period, however, when this small kingdom was the seat of more enterprise than existed in any other nation in Europe. In the earlier part of the fifteenth century, when the warlike spirit of Portugal was in full exercise from the frequent necessity of defending its independence, some successful expeditions into Africa gave an impulse to maritime adventure, which, favored by a series of enlightened sovereigns, produced the grand discovery of the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope, and laid open the rich countries of that part of the globe to the arms and commerce of the Portuguese. For a long time nothing seemed capable of resisting their efforts; and by a course of the most splendid actions they rendered their name dreaded throughout the east, and spread their settlements over all its coasts. At the same time they partook of the spoils of the new world by the discovery of Brazil, which they subdued and colonized. At length, success produced its usual effect in rendering them tyrannical and effeminate; and the steadier energy of the new Dutch republic stripped them of the greater part of their acquisitions. An arbitrary government and superstitious religion contributed to debase the national character, and Portugal gradually sunk to that place in the scale of nations, which alone her extent and population entitled her to preserve. Always in danger of being swallowed up by the nation of which nature seems to have designed her an integral part, she has hitherto been rescued only by the power and influence of her great commercial ally, England; and her precarious independence hangs upon the fate of the moment.

TRIBUTE TO GREATNESS.

The death of Gen. Hamilton was described, in a public assembly, as a great national misfortune. A gentleman who subsequently touched upon the same topics, adverting to this point, remarked, that, "The death of Gen. Hamilton has been described as a great public calamity. No one more sincerely and sorrowfully accords in this sentiment than I do. Would to God that this were the time and place, and that I possessed adequate powers to pay due honors to the memory of that illustrious statesman: his august image should

be deposited in the centre of the Temple of Fame. The Minervas should be situated, one on his right hand, and the other on his left. The goddess of peace, with her benignant train, should occupy the fore-ground; and Bellona, with her triumphant car, should be placed in the rear. His armorial bearings should be "the bird of day, gazing at the sun with a steadfast eye." Upon his escutcheon should be inscribed the texts of his policy; and around the venerable form, as a drapery, should be hung the symbols of national gratitude. Then should the ardent Genius of our country silently repair to the consecrated temple; there to contemplate the departed greatness of the orator, and the statesman, of the patriot, and the warrior. The lofty strains of his eloquence and the sublime precepts of his wisdom; the disinterested purity of his virtue, and the gallant generosity of his spirit, should animate and inspire the orators, the patriots, and the warriors of other and better ages. But it pleased Providence, whose wisdom we must not question, and whose ways we cannot fathom, at a period of political peril, and at a crisis of public danger, to remove him from the scenes of terrestrial action; and apparently, ere the measure of his glory was full. Alas! this country was not bereaved of her champion by the ordinary dispensations of heaven; he did not breathe his last upon the bed of sickness, neither did he expire upon a bed of laurels in the arms of victory; but perished in private combat before a vindictive foe. As Hamilton devoted his life to his country, and died a martyr to our cause, we will hallow his memory, and strive to emulate his virtues.

[*Port Folio.*]

THAT almost every age, from the beginning of the world, has been eminently marked out and distinguished from the rest by some peculiar character, by particular modes of thinking, or methods of acting, then almost universally prevalent, is evident from the histories of all nations. At one time, the whole world has bowed, without repining, to despotic power and absolute dominion; at another, not only the licentious and oppressive tyranny of governors has been restrained, but just and lawful authority trampled upon and insulted; at one time, all regard for private interest has been absorbed and lost in the concern for the welfare of the public; to which virtue itself has made a sacrifice; at another, every heart has been engrossed by low views, and every sentiment of the mind has been contracted into the narrow compass of self-love. Thus have vice and virtue, wisdom and folly, or perhaps only different follies and opposite vices, alternately prevailed; thus have mankind rushed from one error to another, and suffered equally by both extremes.

MERRIMENT.

Of a certain preacher, who, from early extravagance, had been what the sheriff's officers call a *little shy*, and from a slight weakness in his head, a *little obscure*, Dr. Parr wittily

and, that "six days he was *invisible*, and on the seventh *incomprehensible*."

Lord G——, over the entrance of a beautiful grotto, had caused this inscription to be placed—"Let nothing enter here but what is good." Dr. Rennel, the Master of the Temple, who was walking over the grounds, asked, with much point, "Then where does his lordship enter?"

"What a sad life we public men lead," observed a French magistrate of distinction.—"We are at the mercy of every body's caprice."—"Alas! I know it but too well," replied Madame Tallien, "I have never slept a moment since I belonged to the public."

Of the various devices impressed on the copper coins that were, a few years ago, sent into circulation, from almost every town in the kingdom, Dr. Parr observed, that perhaps the most appropriate was the Scotch half-penny, with the face of Mr. Dundas, and the motto—*ere perennius*.

Incedon was one day at Tatterfall's, when Suett, happening to be there too, asked him, if he was come there to buy horses?—"Yes," said Incedon; "but what are you come here for? Do you think Dicky, you could tell the difference between a horse and an ass?"—"Oh yes," answered Suett; "if you were among a thousand horses, I should know you immediately."

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Variety of Human Fortune and Character.

IN a variegated landscape, almost every object that arises to our view, is peculiarly organized and shaded. Unbridled diversity ranges through every weed and shrub, each flower and tree, and even throughout the whole extended prospect. Here, mountains, piled on mountains, craggy rocks and precipices, strike the view of the beholder; there extends the wild desert, the unfattened stubble, and the barren sand-bank; while on another hand, spreads the green pasturage, the fruit-bending vineyard, and the delightful vale. Such we shall find to be a true picture of the great family of man. Throughout the rational world, variety in character, and variety in fortune, are every where discoverable, and almost every player, throughout this wide and universal theatre of life, acts a part peculiar to himself. Here reigns a Nero, there dies a Regulus; one man rises to eminence, while another sinks into obscurity.

One sails down life's current with the breeze of honor, and when he has completed the measure of his labor, sleeps on his laurels, and lives in his fame, while another struggling under the shackles of Fortune, walks through the pilgrimage of life with a faltering

step, and when his poor march is o'er, the same blast that extinguishes the dire taper of existence extinguishes his name and character. While one ranges through the speculative world and broods o'er the goblins of fancy, others walk in the calm regions of reason, and exercise and improve the intellect in the embraces of cool reflection.

The immortal Newton diffused light in darkness, while the philosopher of Ferney drags his *illuminated* votaries through the dark vale of Gallic madness. The far famed hero of Macedon, exhibits to our view, the frenzy of superlative ambition. The genius of war owned him for her favorite, the field of battle was his resting place, and the clangor of combat was music to his ear. His bravery was great, his rashness unbounded, and the world itself too limited for his desires.

But Socrates was sober in his conduct, and calm in his reflections, and amid the vain enthusiasm of a heathen nation, was a suppliant at the altar of the only living God. He could buckle on his armour and his breastplate when necessity commanded, and rally around the standard of his country. But when public calamities were quelled, when war and disorder were drowned in concord, he could calmly rest his sword in its scabbard, and retire with contentment to his cloistered habitation. Croesus was delighted with the glitter of appearance and the splendor of wealth; but the sage Athenian Legislator despised the false glare of courtly equipage, and abhorred the golden deity of the Lydian Monarch. A Caesar, precipitated headlong, by fierce ambition, and a daring genius, could pave his way to power and dominion over the burning ruins of nations.

With public fame and honor subjected to his will, he could fight the battles of Rome, and wreath a laurel for himself. But when he had laid the top-stone of his glory and might have retired in peace to repose upon his honors, that same dagger, which had drunken deep of the blood of his enemies, he could sheath in the bowels of his country.

But far different the virtuous Marcellus. This young Roman patriot had shaken hands with adversity; he had toiled for his country's honor and buoyed her up, while dashing on the surges of civil war and slavery. And while he experienced the keenest ingratitude for his manly services, he could patiently groan in exile and calmly expire with "*amor patriæ*" on his lips.

As with individuals, so with societies and nations. Though an all-wise Being rules and directs, though the order of nature is uniform and immutable; yet we can trace throughout this human world seeming inequalities in the fate of individuals and communities. While one nation, like a mouldering monument, hangs doubtful on its basis, continually nodding to its fall, others rest secure on the firm foundation of wisdom,—with a brilliant capital of liberty, virtue, and social love.

Judea was once impressed by the hallowed footsteps of heaven's favored people. God was their shield and their support. For them "the sun stood still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajelon."

'Twas here, proud Science first dawned on mortals, and gained her noon-tide vigour, and religion, fair daughter of heaven, was nursed and brought up in the arms of the Jews. Peace and plenty abode in their habitations, and wealth and prosperity were the companions of their country. They took their harps from the willow, and attuned them to the ear of the sacred Nine. Fertile pastures spread around, the shepherds fed their flocks on the beautiful plains of Jordan, and all Israel smiled beneath the benedictions of the God of their fathers.

If we would contemplate a prospect, other than this, let us climb the proud cliffs of Lapland, and when we have reached their bleak summits, let us turn our eye, and look upon the world beneath.

In this frozen region, God has placed his beings. No where do we behold gentle waters murmuring through the verdant vale. No where do we find man treading o'er the vestibule of science to worship within the consecrated walls of its temple; and on no favored spot, do we behold the sacred retreat of arts, sciences, virtue, and wisdom. Yet, who can tell but the sublime genius of many a Milton, the heaven-searching spirit of a Newton, the unconquerable justice of an Aristides, and all the splendor of intellect here lies buried in rubbish. Who can tell but wisdom unseen has trodden these solitary cliffs and unsocial deserts.

But Nature has refused her patronage, and art has not yet escaped from the gloom of six thousand years slumber.

Hence, wherever we turn our eyes, all is rude, incomplete and unpolished; and after tracing a long extent of dreary waste, the sight of a miserable cottage, merely strengthens us in belief of the wretchedness of the country; and the appearance of an unassuming, untutored shepherd, leaning on his crook, and watching the remnant of a flock, is an indicative mark, that there is variety in human fortune.

We might traverse the yet smoking ashes of Switzerland; we might glance at the bravely expiring Poland; or we might ascend the lofty heights of the Alps, and look down on Italy,—that once fair garden of the world,—brave and generous—now degenerate and fallen.

We might cast our eye to the hostile shores of Turkey; and there view millions enslaved, and following destruction. We might wander with the wild Arab over the burning sands of Asia; we might sojourn on the plains of the Gambia, or rest in the tent of the Hindoo. But wherever we extend our views, wherever we range throughout the created world, we shall find as vast diversities in the character, intellect and fortunes of the human family.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

HOME.

IF e'er impell'd by adverse fate, we roam
To distant climes, and wander far from home;
Whether, by fortune led, we bend our way
To foreign lands, thro' unknown regions stray:
If, hur'd by hopes of gain, we roam abroad,
Mistaking affluence for enjoyments' road;
Or if, seduc'd by pleasure's flattering charms,
We leave the wife's embrace, or parent's arms;
Whatever be the cause, th' unwilling mind
Reluctant leaves its native soil behind.
The scenes of youth attract the eager sight,
Which once afforded exquisite delight:
Fond recollection ever loves to trace
Some darling feature of the well known place.
See yon deep-freighted ship, whose swelling
fail

Spreads wide to catch the rising western gale:
In her embarked (hur'd by the hopes of gain,)
A hardy race traverse the boisterous main.
Powerful (though distant) prospects of success,
Beguile their cares, and make their danger less.
Yet when the boatswain pipes, 'all hands on
board,'

When 'anchor's up, sails loos'd, and ship un-
moor'd,'
Then Home (more dear than ever) left be-
hind,

Strikes with redoubled force upon the mind;
And sad foreboding of a wat'ry tomb,
The golden prospect shades with deepest gloom:
—Fate marks its victim—gives a final view
Of scenes to which he gives a last adieu.
Then his eye catches from the lessening shore,
The Home, which he is doom'd to see no more.
"Sure fancy now may cross" the briny wave,
"And melt in sadder pity for the slave;"
Who in his field, or hut, perhaps, betray'd
Where in his youth he toil'd, in childhood
play'd;

From friends and home by base injustice torn,
Drags out a life of wretchedness, forlorn—
Far from his natal spot, where nature yields
A plenteous harvest, bending o'er the fields—
Where the nutritious grain, and luscious vine,
To yield him food, and cheer his meals com-
bine.

Oppression tears him from his native soil,
To spend a life of misery and toil:
Tyranny claims the right, which nature gave;
What this makes man, the former dooms a slave.
Almighty power! whose Home, not time nor
place

Can bound, nor regions of unmeasur'd space;
Direct our wandering steps, whether we stray
Thro' flowers, or tread affliction's thorny way;
Whether our barks, or life's deceitful seas,
Are tempest tost, or carelefs drive at ease.
In ev'ry danger, keep us safe from harm,
Guide us becalm'd, and guard us in the storm.
Should we be doom'd enjoyment to forego,
And wander in a wilderness of woe,
Thine aid afford—enable us to bear
The ills of life, danger, fatigue, and care,—
Be Thou our safeguard wheresoe'er we roam,
And bring us safe at last to our ETERNAL
Home.

HORATIO.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE PASTIME.

[The author had formerly corresponded with
a lady. His letters were dated from the
"Castle in Air," and hers, from the "Little
Corner of the World." From some cause,
with which we are unacquainted, their in-
tercourse was suspended; and, for some
time, the author was led to believe his fair
friend in obscurity and distress. Several
years after, however, he met her at Paris,
the wife of a distinguished English Noble-
man. His surprise, and satisfaction, are po-
etically expressed in these polished and fan-
ciful stanzas.]

*From the Castle in Air, to the Little Corner of
the World.*

IN the region of clouds where the whirlwinds
arise

My castle of fancy was built,
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sun-beams were gilt;

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state,
Enamelled the mansion around,
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with garden and ground.

I had grottoes, and fountains, and orange-tree
groves;

I had all that enchantment has told:
I had sweet shady walks for the Gods and their
Loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not had risen and rolled,
While wrapped in a slumber I lay,
And when I looked out in the morning, be-
hold!
My castle was carried away.

It passed over rivers, and vallies, and groves,
The world, it was all in my view—
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their
loves,
And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That nature in silence had made:
The place was but small—but 'twas sweetly se-
rene,
And chequer'd with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied with painful good will,
And grew tired of my seat in the air:
When all on a sudden my castle stood still,
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering
down,
And plac'd me exactly in view—
When who should I meet, in this charming re-
treat,
This corner of calmness—but you.

Delighted to find you in honor and ease,
I felt no more sorrow nor pain,
And the wind coming fair, I ascended the
breeze,
And went back with my castle again.

How strange are the changes that torture us
here,

Where tempests and hurricanes reign:
But the friendship that suffers is surely sincere,
Whate'er be the cause for the pain.

STANZAS.

"*Os bos vi sempre passar
"No mundo," &c.*

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passion's pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,
His life, a summer's day.—

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding pow'r
Which rightly suffers wrong—
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour—
But Virtue, late and long!

TO NIGHT.

"*Segreda noite Amiga, a que obedeço,
"As rosas," &c.*

NIGHT! to thee my vows are paid;
Not that e'er thy quiet shade
Me, in bower of dalliance laid
Blest and blessing, covers!
No—for thy friendly veil was made
To shroud successful lovers;
And I, Heaven knows,
Have never yet been one of those
Whose love has prov'd a thornless rose!
But since (as piteous of my pain)
Goddeffs! when I to thee complain
Of truth despis'd, and hard disdain,
Thou dost so mutely listen;
For this around thy solemn fane
Young buds I strew that glisten
With tears of woe
By jealous Tithon made to flow,
From Morning—thine eternal foe!

SONNET.

"*Quem diz que amor he falso ou enganoso
"Ligeiro ingrato," &c.*

Lives there a wretch, who would profanely dare
On Love bestow a tyrant's barbarous name,
And foe to every soft delight, proclaim
His service, slavery; its wages care?
For ever may he prove it so, nor e'er
Feel the dear transports of that generous
flame;
For him nor maiden smile, nor melting dame
The silent couch of midnight bliss prepare!
For much he wrongs the gentlest, best of
pow'rs,
Whose very pangs can charm, and torments
please,
Whom long I've known, and in whose an-
griest hours
Such rapture found, as would I not forego,
No—not forego, for all the dead, cold ease
Which dull Indifference could e'er bestow!

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